

TOC H JOURNAL



SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER
MCMXL

PUBLISHED BY TOC H FROM ITS HEADQUARTERS, AT
FORTY-SEVEN, FRANCIS STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1

THREEPENCE

Toc H for New Friends

What it is

Toc H is out to win men's friendship and their service for the benefit of others. It stands, always but especially now, when values which seemed permanent are being discarded, for truth and understanding, for unselfishness and fair dealing, for individual freedom based on a practical Christian outlook on life. Toc H works under a Royal Charter granted by H.M. King George V in 1922.

How it started

It began with Talbot House (Toc H is the signaller's way of saying T.H.) opened in 1915 in the Belgian town of Poperinghe, the nearest habitable point in the Ypres Salient. It was intended to be a sort of soldiers' rest house where men back from the line could find refreshment for body, mind and spirit. Owing largely to the Rev. P. B. Clayton, an Army Chaplain in charge, it soon secured a reputation in the British Expeditionary Force as a place of friendship and cheerfulness. It welcomed men not merely to a meal and writing material but to the small homely things that mean so much. Many who used it found their way to the Chapel in the loft and gained fresh strength to realise that "behind the ebb and flow of things temporal stand the Eternal Realities."

1919 to 1939

"Tubby" Clayton and a few survivors saw the need to recapture in peace-time the spirit of comradeship in common service and sacrifice which they had learnt in war and to pass it on to a new generation. The idea spread. By 1939 Toc H was established in over 1,000 places in the United Kingdom and had forged a chain linking 700 more throughout the Empire and beyond. The Old House at Poperinghe and its Upper Room, given back to Toc H, has been visited by many thousands, who have gained, as those before them, fresh strength to play their part steadfastly and cheerfully. More than 20 hostels (called Marks) have been opened and are available for those who get the chance to use them.

What it means in practice

In his efforts to further the objects for which Toc H exists, each member has what is called the Toc H Compass to guide him. Its Four Points may thus be summarised:

To Think Fairly. To win a chivalry of mind, whereby he will not be overready to condemn honest difference, but will be humbleminded in his judgment of great issues, avoiding prejudice and striving for truth.

To Love Widely. To learn the habit of trying day by day to understand and to help all sorts and conditions of men.

To Witness Humbly. Toc H is rooted in the supreme conviction that the great thing is to spread the weekday Christian Gospel. Every member is pledged to do his blundering bit by carrying the contagion quietly. The point here is that lives speak while words are merely spoken.

To Build Bravely. (a) To be resolute in building his own life, without forgetting that what matters most is not what he can do for himself but what he can do for others. (b) To see in Toc H a bridge between himself and the lives of others, and to build it bravely, regarding his share in doing so as a sacred trust.

Membership

Toc H wants men who are willing to put service before self, are trying to think fairly and are willing to offer friendship. You probably won't be asked to join, but if you feel you want to share in this great adventure, let us know. It will cost you no more than you can afford. If you would like to know more about it, ask any member you know or write to Toc H Headquarters, 47, Francis Street, London, S.W.1.

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VOL. XVIII

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1940

No. 9

EDITORIAL NOTE:—*It is the normal custom of this JOURNAL to skip one issue—usually August or September—each year and to make it up by a special Double Number. This year no JOURNAL went out in September and, owing to shortage both of time and paper, no special number can be produced. The omission is not due to editorial holidays but to the enemy's choice of the Autumn for the 'Battle of London', now in progress. This interesting event has kept us busy and modified the programme of most of us. The blame for the lapse of the JOURNAL is shared by the Fuehrer and the Editor. The latter tenders to all readers his sincere apologies.*

LONG NIGHT

THE scene (if you will bear with me) is St. Stephen's Services Club. The period is the second week of the Battle of London, September, 1940. The action of the piece covers twelve hours, from black-out till dawn.

8 p.m.: Big Ben, who towers above our heads across the road, strikes the hour and, punctual as usual, the siren on the roof of Scotland Yard next door fills the club with its horrid wail—for the sixth time to-day. The long night begins.

At the counter in the entrance hall a Canadian corporal is booking a problematical bed. In the lounge Jock and Gerry are playing cards with two French sailors, and an airman a hesitating *Moonlight Sonata* on the grand piano, which is much more accustomed to jazz. The ground floor bar stands deserted—a melancholy reminder of the great nights when it was thronged with the B.E.F. and the French with their stories of Dunkirk beach. Guardsman Cantle stands by the swing door, rifle in hand, on duty. He has just come in from the doorstep to report a big fire somewhere in the South-East—for methodical 'Jerry' tries every evening to plant a row of beacons early in the proceedings to guide the successive waves of raiders.

8.30 p.m.: The eastern sky is lighted with continual distant flashes—for all the world

like the line at Ypres seen from Poperinghe—and bursts of shrapnel add momentary new stars to the darkening sky. The barrage is opening. The throb of an enemy bomber, flying very high, starts a steady *crescendo*. One of the guns down River opens up with a startling crash. A pom-pom gives four breathless barks, and his big brother somewhere far behind us roars the bass part of the chorus. It is time to clear the lounge, and a word sends all hands to the basement for the rest of the night.

9.30 p.m.: The basement, brightly lighted, makes a busy picture. The bar in the corner, rigged up here ten days ago, is crowded with customers, eating meat pies, drinking tea and talking cheerfully to Toc H in its shirt sleeves and L.W.H. in a green overall across the counter. There are old friends in to-night—two young sailors and an Aussie sergeant who have stayed with us in quieter times. They are due respectively at Chatham and at Aldershot, but they will not get there to-night. For the trams have come to a standstill now, the Underground round the corner is shut—and anyway their stations are temporarily out of action. And there are many newcomers—three R.A.F. lads who heard of us from friends returning from leave spent at the club, a Canadian sergeant-major, a couple of merchant seamen, three Home Guards (barrister, corn-merchant and grocery boy by

trade) and a fat, hoarse-voiced mate of the 'Thames Navy,' the little steamers which lie off our pier for the night and will start their bus-trips down the River again at daylight. Round the corner a bridge party dodges erratic ping-pong balls and four soldiers contrive to write long letters home. Other men sit about reading, yarning and yawning. A heavy slow march across the hall above and down the stairs heralds a Grenadier in full kit and tin hat, with his customary enamel jug for sixpennyworth of tea and a parcel of sandwiches for the Bren-gun post at the corner. At intervals throughout the night this heavy march with tea-jugs will be repeated, for the men in the posts round about have been our customers and friends ever since the night when, risking a bayonet in the stomach, we called in on their sandbagged fortresses with hot meat pies and a greeting from Toc H. They know where welcome waits, even when they can't dally long to enjoy it.

10.15 *p.m.*: Our team is a man short to-night. This is not accounted strange, for getting to the club after the siren blows presents a jig-saw puzzle, in terms of transport, to our faithful helpers night after night. But now the telephone rings in the office and the reason is made plain. John Marston of Mark II will not keep his engagement here to-night. Last evening, visiting friends in a suburb, he was killed by a bomb. A golden lad, a member of fine character and promise, very well liked by us all, he has been killed on active service—let us be clear about that—the first name on St. Stephen's roll of honour. "With proud thanksgiving—"

10.30 *p.m.*: The scream of a bomb coming down—horrible sound! Is it 'meant' for us? We hold hard and wait. A stunning crash shakes the building. At the same moment our revolving door upstairs whirls round and Guardsman Cantle arrives full length in the hall, with a clatter of rifle and side-arms. A Toc H man, on his way to the office, goes down behind a pillar. A moment or two later they are sitting up on the floor, laughing at each other—"That was a near one!" And then the door goes round again, more slowly, and a policeman pushes in a

little old lady, pale and shaken but holding herself gallantly. "They've got the Hospital again" (it is the third time), says the copper quietly, "Good night"—and he is gone. The old lady is led by the arm downstairs, put in an armchair and given a cup of tea. She has travelled all day from the depths of Cornwall and she is on her way to see a son badly wounded in a raid at Sheffield. Half way between the termini the bus had to halt and turn out its passengers. Leaving shelter she tried, in the deep blackout of unknown London, to make her way through the raid on foot. Somehow she found herself in Westminster and by a lucky chance to the door of the club. On a trestle table, furnished with a mattress and blankets, we shall soon tuck her up for the night. She has only one thought in her mind—to catch the first train in the morning for the North. She has not lost her self-possession for a moment: love has cast out fear.

10.45 *p.m.*: And now we are busy bedding down our mixed family. The Toc H night team, helped by a couple of Service members, are bringing the canvas beds and the blankets, three per man, out of store. Sixteen men will sleep beside the wash-basins in the lavatory, a dozen or so more on tables or mattresses on the floor. The rest will loll their heads uneasily in chairs. The lights are dimmed. The talk at the bar dies down to a murmur, which will continue till day-break. Three of the night staff retire, fully dressed, to blankets: they will get up at 3 a.m. to relieve the shift which remains on duty. So St. Stephen's goes to bed, as it were, in the front line.

11.45 *p.m.*: Sleep has been deep, for all of us sleep whenever the chance is given in this second week of the Battle of London. The intermittent chorus of the barrage, now a far rumble, now enormous thunder all round us outside, has been our lullaby, half heard in a fantastic dream.

Suddenly—without any warning scream—there is a terrific crash. The night is full of dust—and falling glass, a cascade down the five stories above us into the area outside, which seems to go on and on and on. Men

start out of bed in every stage of undress—except that, in most cases, they wear, as by instinct, and a little comically, their tin hats. "Anyone hurt?" One man, our little Welsh barber, cut across the nose and chin by slivers of glass, a Toc H man with a bleeding shin—that's all, thank Heaven! First aid gets to work while we dash upstairs. The hall is a fog of brown dust, the big folding door is burst open to the street, glass crunches underfoot everywhere. Under the brilliant moon the County Hall facing us is a noble sight, and a terrible beauty has suddenly been added to it now. The whole core of the building, between its tall pillars, is a leaping red flame. Already the fire engines are clanging over Westminster Bridge, but even before them the ambulances, with gongs ringing, have crossed to the rescue. In the mingled glare of the fire and tranquil moonlight the tall windows of the Club gape open, rimmed with sharp teeth of glass; the plate-glass fronts of the shops next door lie in glittering fragments heaped up on the pavement. This was no ordinary bomb, but a 'land-mine,' dropped gently by parachute and touched off by infernal clockwork on the River terrace of the County Hall. Meanwhile, what of the fire? Already we can see swift figures of firemen silhouetted against the blaze. How soon will they get it under? Selfishly we are thinking less of a beautiful building's fate than of our own. For we want no beacon to light the way to us for the next raider who comes over.

Then there is fresh alarm. Rumour, running swiftly through the night, cries that at least one German—and why not more?—has landed by parachute somewhere along the Embankment. Three Guardsmen of our own military staff dash out of the club, rifle in hand, only to return, breathless and chafing, five minutes later. No game is afoot to-night.

And then Big Ben, his face a little disfigured by the explosion, begins his deliberate chime. The great bell tolls midnight, unhurried, clear and loud, vastly reassuring—the voice of the Mother of Parliaments say-

ing that, after all, "freedom shall not perish from the earth."

We go back to bed and to dreamless sleep.

5.15 a.m.: The 'All Clear' is sounding, at last! Another long night is over. I stand on our high roof, beside the Guardsman who has done duty there in the hours of raid. The skylights are cracked by explosion, their frames burst asunder; there are fresh shrapnel holes in the roofing slates. In the virginal freshness of the morning the scene from this roof-top is beautiful beyond any words. The world stands at the point of dawn, the sky dim pearl, with fading stars, except to the north-east, where the grand dome of St. Paul's stands up against the glare of a vast fire somewhere behind. Now and again a tip of pure flame leaps above the City roofs and a low cloud of smoke, lit to a dull amber from below, rolls lazily along the eastern horizon.

From tortured Bermondsey, especial victim of this war as of the last, comes also the dull glow of a great fire half-mastered. It brings the faces of old friends in those familiar streets leaping to my mind. Where are Tom and his wife and two kiddies? Has Spa Road been hit again? Only yesterday, here in Westminster, I met two old friends who are wrestling day and night with the fiends of fire and ruin among their neighbours in Bermondsey. In the night past, they judged, another 2,000 Bermondsey people had been made homeless, some for the second or third time. Courage was still marvellously high, but children, especially those under 12, were succumbing to terrors of mind. The family loyalties, always so strong in that gallant, warm-hearted folk, had grown immensely stronger in the weeks of battle. Evacuation was daily more difficult, because man, wife and child preferred death together to separation. My friends, tired-eyed but undaunted in their smiling goodbye, went on to the Ministry of Health to discuss these problems again. They left me wondering and humbled and praising God for unbeaten South-East London.

6.15 a.m.: Authentic dawn is creeping into the high vault above in a palest flush of rose. The scarred face of Big Ben, the towers of

Westminster Abbey, the great square bastion of Shell-Mex catch the first hint of sunrise, the distant ridge of Shooters Hill looms smoky-blue against it. Past the battered façade of County Hall and the tumbled ruin of one block of the Hospital, Thames slides, leaden and silver, up under the Bridge to full tide. And Westminster Bridge still stands, ready for the ceaseless traffic of another day.

6.30 a.m.: Regular exercise in these days is a minor problem, but here goes, on a lovely morning, for half-an-hour's walk. At first glance the landscape looks unchanged. The Abbey stands fair as ever—but there is a 'dent' in the roadway facing Wren's towers and some gaps in the West window. Further down the street there is a 'tooth missing' in the line of tall office buildings. Roof, rubble, furniture and filing system have slid together through four floors into the street. The police are cordoning it off, the rescue lorry is on the spot, with tired men in tin hats and waders hard at work. 'Diversion' (the yellow notice, now so familiar) sends traffic into little back streets. There the oil shop on the corner is a black skeleton, for paint blazes beautifully. The greengrocer's just isn't there at all. Not a whole pane remains in the whole street, but improvised shutters in many places bear the legend 'Business as usual'. The pub goes one better with 'Our windows may be poor but our Spirits are as good as ever'. One front door bears the simple legend in chalk '14 rescued'. And the workmen's café has barricaded its display of aspidistras with an old cupboard door on which red and blue letters, with a fine flourish, invite you to 'Come in and feed and to Hell with little Adolf'.

The next street is busy evacuating because of a delayed-action bomb, neatly in the centre. Two old ladies, carrying bedding, waddle slowly past: "I ses to 'er, 'Mrs. Sykes', I ses, 'if it 'its yer, yer don't need to worry, and if it don't 'it yer—well, why worry? Stands to reason', I ses . . ."

7.30 a.m.: A few minutes ago a six-wheeler lorry passed our door laden with vast wreckage. It might have been the twisted carcass of an immense long grey shark: it actually was all that is left of an enemy bomber, shot

down over us in the night. There was time before it disappeared at speed down the Embankment to catch sight of the big cross painted on the tail-plane, surely an ironic blasphemy. The men and women struggling to reach their work on time scarcely turned their heads to look at it. The wreckage of Goering's *Luftwaffe* is growing too familiar, a sight nowadays for much comment.

And now a figure familiar in a thousand newspaper pictures stands on our doorstep. Mr. Winston Churchill is abroad betimes from Downing Street to see how his neighbours have fared this long night. He wears a tin hat and a genial morning smile. He takes in the vista of our broken windows with a quick glance.

"Anyone hurt?"

"No, sir, thank you."

"That's good. God bless you."

And he is briskly gone before a crowd has time to collect. And God bless *you*, sir, say all of us. We are touched and genuinely grateful.

8 a.m.: There is plenty of cleaning to be done this morning. A six-inch fall of soot from one chimney lies on the carpet of the lounge, broken glass is everywhere and the morning wind blows the dust of ruins from the street over everything. And one of our faithful cleaners is late this morning. Here she comes. Her home has been hit in the night—she is the third of our domestics to suffer the same fate this week. All she could save is in a suitcase in her hand. She herself, in an Anderson shelter, escaped death by a few feet. Tears cannot be held back as she tells the story. And then:—

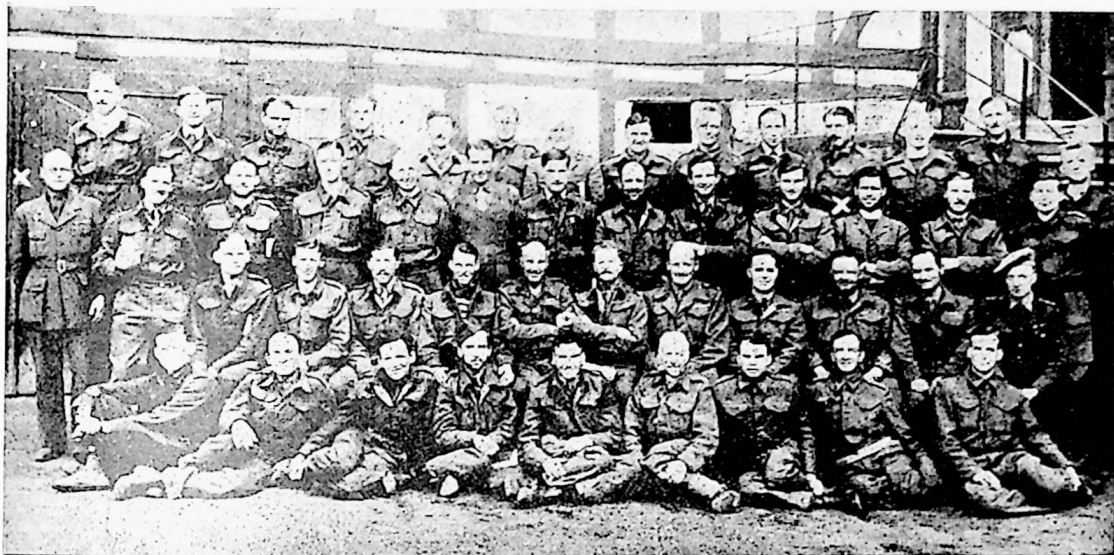
"But I 'ad to laugh. The old alarm clock goes right up in the air, and when 'e comes dahn 'is old bell went orf and none of us couldn't stop it. Straight, I couldn't 'elp but laugh—proper comical it was."

That is the spirit, millions of times repeated, of battered but not beaten London Town. No device of man or devil, in the long run, can beat it. It spells victory.

One more long night is over.

BARCLAY BARON.

NEWS FROM GERMANY



REX CALKIN (standing on extreme left) and AUSTIN WILLIAMS (third from the right in the same row, with clerical collar and 'bearded like a padre') in good company at their first camp, 'Oflag IXA'. The photograph reached home via Lisbon and is reproduced here by courtesy of Topical Press

NEWS as good as we dare hope comes from our five members of Toc H staff who are prisoners of war in Germany. Five—for news was received at long last (soon after the August JOURNAL was issued) of Rex Calkin's safety. The first intimation reached home in a message, *via* a friend in Switzerland, from Padre Austin Williams, in whose company Rex was captured. On August 30 Rex's father received a letter from him, written on June 4, which speaks of

"... three of us being taken by surprise in a private car on May 20, losing every bit of kit. After which we spent a fortnight travelling here" (i.e. to the camp called 'Oflag IXA'). "After settling in here for four days in an enclosed Youth Hostel in a pleasant German village among British officers, Padre Austin Williams and I have just had orders to leave to-morrow—destination unknown... I am fit and as hopeful as can be, though it is a bitter experience to be on the shelf at such a time."

The photograph, which we are glad to have the chance of reproducing, shows our two men looking well and cheerful among officer prisoners in their first camp.

What has happened is that our men, at first treated as military prisoners, have now received the status of civilians. Rex and Austin Williams have been moved to another camp from which the former wrote home on

July 8. Their address for letters is now as follows:—

Prisoner of War Post.

Kriegsgefangenenpost.

R. R. CALKIN,

British Prisoner of War No. 17894.

Rev. S. AUSTIN WILLIAMS,

British Prisoner of War No. 17895,

Stalag XIII A,

Fuer Zweiglager,

Germany.

Rex asks for various articles of food and clothing, which can only be sent by relatives through the Red Cross—and even then the delay in the arrival of parcels for prisoners seems indefinite at the present time. Letters, as concise as possible—and of course avoiding all reference to political or military matters, the food situation, etc.—may be freely sent from this side. They seem to take three weeks or more to reach the prisoners. There is a strict limitation to the number of letters prisoners may send in return.

We are sorry that we have not been able, up to date, to trace any photograph containing portraits of the other three, who, so far as we know, are still together in their original camp.

Their address is as follows:—

Prisoner of War Post.

Kriegsgefangenenpost.

Lieut.-Col. B. H. BONHAM CARTER,
British Prisoner of War No. 214.

H. R. PILCHER,
British Prisoner of War No. 346.

R. H. STATON,
British Prisoner of War No. 370,
Oflag VII C,
Germany.

On June 24 Reg Staton wrote to Arthur Edgar at Headquarters, the letter arriving on September 2:—

"I thought you would be anxious to know how Hugh (Pilcher), Bonham (Carter) and I are getting along. We are quite comfortable and are at last regarded as civilians, drawing no pay . . . There are a number of Toc H members here, and, needless to say, we are doing what we can for the future . . .

Rex and Austin (Williams), we hear, are in another camp. I have not seen them since I was captured . . . We were the last to leave the town" (i.e. Lille) "and during the last four days we were attending to refugees day and night, old and young, sick and wounded and hungry. The whole number of visitors—which must have run into thousands—appreciated what was done for them, and I'm happy to say I feel the House did its job in more ways than one."

In a letter-card to the Registrar, dated July 5, Reg writes:—

"We have had two good meetings and talks on Fellowship and Service . . . All this is so strange, but keeping smiling."

In a letter, written on July 1 and received on September 2, to his father, Col. Bonham Carter says:—

"All going splendidly here in spite of increasingly *svelte* figures. Evening lectures and debates alternate nights, daily afternoon classes—French, law, horticulture, etc. I am in charge of all this. Time passes quickly. I am perfectly fit and quite flourishing, though thinner."

Rex asks for Toc H literature and other books, Bonham Carter for a *Toc H Song*

Book. It is clear, as all of us who know our men would expect, that they are as much on Toc H duty now as they have been ever since they went out to serve the B.E.F. under the badge of the Lamp of Maintenance. As Sir Colin Jardine—who had seen them at work in Mark I, B.E.F., in the last stages—hinted in his broadcast on August 4, the team at Lille held on while a job remained to be done. They disregarded their own safety and were captured together. Rex and Austin Williams were returning to duty at Mark I, Lille, or possibly making for the House at Douai, after visiting the Old House at Poperinghe to see that it was ready to serve all and sundry, whether troops or refugees. Passing through Ypres on their return journey on May 17, they greeted Padre Ralph Dye, who was preparing to evacuate his 'parishioners,' and three days later they were taken somewhere on the road. (The signature of Rex in the Visitors' Book at the Old House under the date May 22, reported by a sergeant who passed through Pop., is clearly, a mistake). The whole story—fascinating as it will be—cannot be pieced together until we "renew the fellowship of sight and hand" with our brethren now in enemy hands. May that day be not too far distant! May we not add two more Groups (without regulation Rushlights but not, we may guess, without 'Light') to our list—*Oflag VII C* and *Stalag XIII A*? Meanwhile, as Bonham Carter hints with a gallant touch of humour, they are likely to go hungry and to suffer many hardships. The whole family of Toc H is bound in duty and in affection to sustain our five leaders and their fellow-members in German prisons by constant thoughts and remembrance in their prayers.

GENERAL MEMBERS AND THE CENTRAL COUNCIL

The elections by Branches and Groups of Councillors to serve on the Central Council of Toc H for 1940/42 have been held. Under the rules, one Councillor is to be elected by General Members, other than those who are members of Groups. The Central Executive has decided by drawing lots that the candidate should on this occasion be nominated by the Western London Area Executive. The Area Executive has chosen to nominate Henry Scott (Western London Area General Member, member of the Western London Area Executive). It is open to any general member (any member who belongs neither to a Branch nor a Group) to propose another candidate. If twenty-five such members resident in Great Britain or in Ireland agree in proposing another candidate and if their proposals are received at Headquarters within fifteen days from the date on which this JOURNAL is despatched to members, a poll of general members will be held in accordance with the rules. If no other candidate is proposed by as many as twenty-five members, Henry Scott will be declared elected.

A MIXED BAG

The Chairman's new job

H.M. Government, in our view, has given another proof of the boldness and active imagination which now marks it, by appointing an untried 'politician' to the new office of Commissioner for the Homeless. Our heartiest congratulations to HARRY WILLINK, Chairman of Toc H Central Executive, and M.P. for East Croydon, on this appointment. Anyone who knows the conditions in London and other places subject to indiscriminate enemy bombing, and who has any idea of the numbers of people, mainly poor and largely women and children, rendered homeless every night, will appreciate how colossal and how difficult Harry's new job is. And anyone who knows Harry will be confident that we couldn't have a better man for it. A foundation member of Toc H (he commanded a battery in the Salient in the last war), one of the early hostellers of Mark II in 1920, first Warden of Mark III, he became Vice-Chairman of Toc H under Lord Forster's chairmanship, and succeeded him. Among many other 'jobs' in Toc H, he was one of the officers sent by us to the first Duke of York's Camp. This is not the place to make Harry blush with an assessment of his qualities. Clear-headed, a quick thinker and good speaker, endowed with enthusiasm and great energy, essentially an optimist and a 'good mixer' (has not the chatty press been describing him lately as 'Happy Harry'?), he is the man for work which calls for quick sympathy, good planning and bold action. He has been strikingly successful as a K.C., as a Parliamentary candidate—and as Chairman of Toc H. May we not claim that membership of our family has been part of his schooling for his new office? Toc H will watch him proudly and confidently, helping him wherever it can.

The Registrar retires

The news that 'Mus' (W. J. MUSTERS) has resigned the office of Registrar at Toc H Headquarters will come as a shock and a surprise to members all over the world. For he is the oldest member of the staff, the only

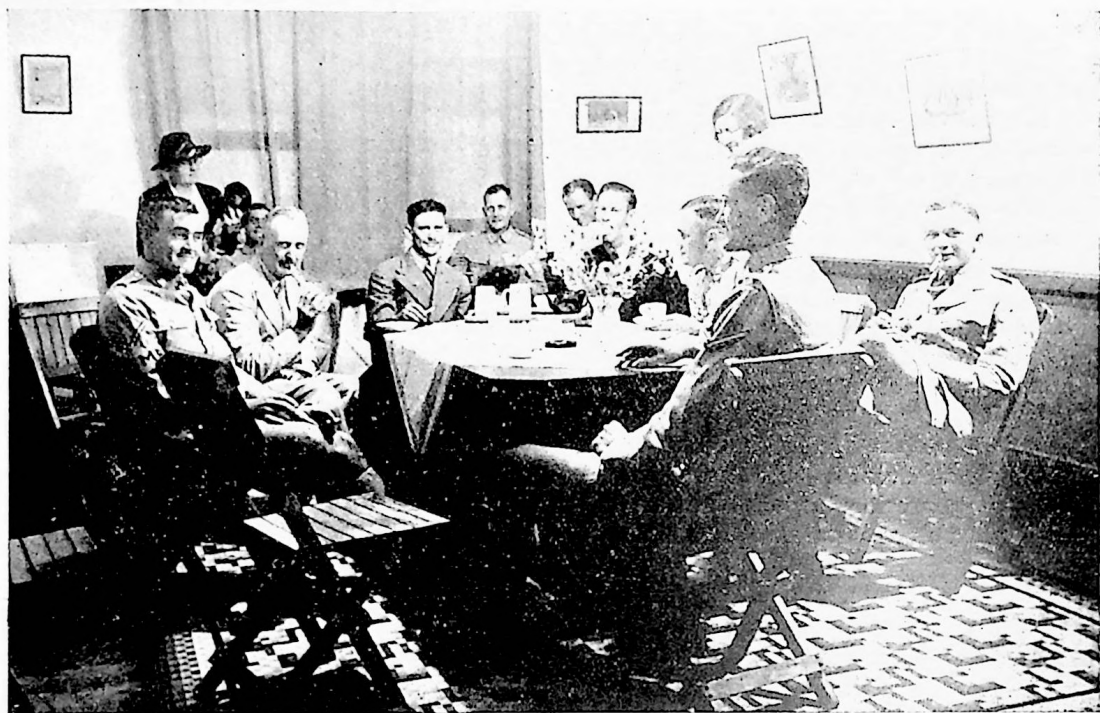
one who, alongside Tubby from the 'rebirth' of our movement, has seen twenty-one years' service. It has been hard and unremitting service, and it is not too much to say that at some vital points in our history the ship might have foundered without Mus on board. His work in Toc H has not by any means been all figures and forms. He was a hard-working hosteller in the early days at Mark I and Mark II. Himself a notable amateur goalkeeper, he put London Toc H soccer well on the League map for some years in his leisure time, and he ran the annual Sports Meeting. The whole family of Toc H, which owes a great deal to Mus since the beginning, will express its sincere gratitude for his service in the past and its warmest wishes for his future work.

Hospitality

One of the first duties of Toc H membership has always been reckoned hospitality to the stranger. So when H.Q. circulated a request from a Chaplain to the New Zealand troops for offers of private hospitality to his men on leave in England it did not fall on



deaf ears. The South Western Area Secretary, who passed the request on to his District Secretaries, alone had 'fifty offers in no time to send on'. Our picture shows two New Zealand guests, who had thus stayed at a member's bungalow in Cornwall, saying good-bye at Truro station to two of their hosts, also service men on leave.



Pictures of Service Clubs

We have received a good many photographs of Toc H Service Clubs, with invitations to reproduce them in the JOURNAL. Unhappily, nearly all of them picture merely tidy, well-furnished rooms, without a sign of a living inhabitant—just the sort of picture which illustrates the advertisement folder of thousands of hotels and boarding-houses all over England. On these terms one boarding-house—or Service Club—is just like another, varying only in the wallpaper pattern and the number of aspidistras. And that is why we don't reproduce them. This month we give you on this page one which is a bit nearer the mark—a picture of a corner of the dining-room in the Ladysmith Toc H Services Club, South Africa, with enough visitors in it to give the feeling that the place is lived in cheerfully and is doing Toc H work for troops of all ranks.

Odd Jobs

It has always been true that much of the service of Toc H is a sum total of odd jobs. Here are some unrelated instances noticed by

a member of the staff on a recent tour in the East and North of England. In one small town the Toc H Services Club provides fifty pairs of bedroom slippers—a priceless touch of comfort to evening visitors in Army boots. In a second place the local Branch has formed a 'wool-pool'. That is, they have co-ordinated the whole town's knitting efforts; they organise the supply of wool, collect the finished articles and despatch them. In a third place where the premises of many local societies have been requisitioned, Toc H has thrown open its own rooms to all social workers and runs joint meetings of societies—a difficult and useful step forward. In a fourth town, a popular seaside resort now empty because of enemy attack, the Branch carries on a club for soldiers and minesweepers, entirely by volunteer help. In a fifth town, nearby, the local unit runs a 'Kitbag Club', which provides a good 9d. lunch for men whose wives and families have been evacuated. These may seem small things in tremendous times like these, but, added up, they count. "Perfectly simple, my dear Watson"—when you think of doing them.

FOR BLACKOUT AND BILLET

PAGES FOR READERS WHO HAVE MORE TIME AND A TASTE FOR MORE

OUTWARD BOUND

What follows is the substance of a talk given by IAN FRASER (Pilot of the Eastern Canada Region) to the Council of Toc H Eastern Canada on June 1. We are indebted to the Toc H Chronicle of Canada for it.

IN broad terms, I believe it is possible to say that the war with which we are all preoccupied is a war to defend civilization, but unless we are clear what values make that civilization, a victory may be as futile as a defeat would be tragic. Ostensibly, we are striving to preserve the method of free co-operation, the liberty of the individual to live his life in society with the maximum freedom compatible with the best interests of himself and his fellows; and to preserve the heritage of beauty and truth inherited from former times. I could say this afternoon that so far as I am concerned, I am fighting to preserve the contents of the *Oxford Book of Verse*. That may strike you as being humorous, but that book is I believe one major expression of the only kind of thing worth fighting for.

We are living at the end of an epoch and the world society, including our own, has broken down because it has proved to be inadequate for the needs of our time. No matter how nostalgic we may feel about it, there can be no turning back and we must forge in this war the new values by which we are going to live. The thing that we have picturesquely called "rugged individualism" must go. However much we may prefer it to Communism or Fascism, unless we can produce a form which will achieve better human results than either of these systems, it is pointless to defend any of it at all.

It is obviously true that some vital form of human co-operation has got to come in every avenue of life, but the easy production of plans for a collective economic life does not begin to approach a real solution of the thing we are up against. If it is true that econo-

mic collectivism solves the problem, why do we fight Hitler whose system is its incarnation, or dislike Stalin who has carried it to even greater lengths? At rock bottom, both these experiments fail because they do not provide that deeper principle which carries collectivism over to its religious stage which is community—that is, a society of people who in terms of a living personal response to one another, accept responsibility for their mutual work and action.

It is at this point that Toc H can make its greatest contribution, by thinking out its own family principle in terms of the larger world and by building a new community spirit within the present system, which will be an example of the kind of society we need. In other words, we, as individuals and as units of Toc H, must exhibit concretely in ourselves the kind of world we want, and by our relationship with one another and the world outside exhibit a new way of living together. We must think out now, and decide absolutely, the values by which we propose to live and, by unswerving devotion to them, make them creative in society itself. I have no sympathy with those people in Toc H who say that the time is past for this sort of thing and that we must now all concentrate on the war. To do that is to sell the pass for ever and is merely to repeat what we have been doing as citizens since 1919. This war has come because we have refused to accept responsibility and refused to think during the intervening twenty years, except on those occasions when war again appeared imminent. The paramount need is for us to begin to build now the new human pattern and apply it to the problems we have tried to discuss this afternoon.

The Services; Youth; Unemployment; Refugees

So far as work with the Services is concerned, the thing we are concerned to give is friendship and to provide opportunities for rest and relaxation other than those obtainable by normal canteen methods. Our task is personally to win the regard of soldiers everywhere by dealing with them as human beings and as individuals whereby we can exercise a ministry of mind and heart which will win the regard of their manhood and build the way for the new world in which they will have to play a leading part. We must *personally* get hold of these men: in any other way our unique personal contribution will be missed.

One of the gravest problems facing any nation during a war is the question of its youth because, as a result of the withdrawal of youth leaders and often of parents from normal life, much of the ordinary work of education and example is lost. The youth of this country must have the opportunity during this war to complete an adequate education both formally and in the wider social sphere, so that they will be able, when the peace does come, to have an opportunity of living useful lives. We dare not leave them in the position we did in the last war, when they found themselves, at its conclusion, not wanted in the world and suffering from the defects of lost leadership and inadequate training. Toc H must attempt then to make good the leadership that is being lost and train its members to be able to take over some responsibility for the training of youth and the maintenance of a generally responsible national policy in regard to them. The basic need in Canada to-day is somehow to convey to its youth the need for its personal responsibility in the world, the recognition by youth that privilege begets responsibility; and it is for us to help to articulate these things and convey to them the need for public service.

In a very real way one could say that this war has been brought about by unemployment. In the main, we have failed to provide adequate social security for vast numbers of people, and this has produced a lack

of sense of community and the feeling that the system does not matter so long as men can eat and know at least that they are needed for work. However much we may criticise the totalitarian regimes they at least recognised this basic need for social security and unless we who plead the democratic method can meet that need and yet provide better human results, we do not deserve to succeed. It is probably true that there are endless technical solutions of the problem but, in the past, we have lacked the will and the driving force to change our property relationships to enable any solution to succeed. We have, in fact, preferred to defend our property rather than our liberty and, as a result, no solution has been possible. What we must do is think through the family principle of Toc H in terms of unemployment and, having made up our minds, proceed to influence our fellow citizens, by going out into public and social life, and pleading an informed view of the problem, by taking all the means of propaganda in co-operation with other people that we can. Above all, we must create in society such a passion for social justice that the will to make an adequate solution can operate.

In terms of practical politics we must recognise that, unless we plan ahead, our present war-time economy may collapse upon us when the peace comes, and we may have a repetition of the situation in 1919, when men were unable to find work because we had not planned for the future. If this is not to occur again, the public conscience must be roused now, so that plans can be made and action taken whereby we can transfer to a peace-time economy with the least possible dislocation.

It now seems possible that large numbers of people, particularly children, will be coming to this country. This provides us with an opportunity to exercise our friendship in special ways. Some persons may be able to provide homes for these people, Toc H may be able to provide man-power at centres of concentration for work with refugees, and other members of the family may

be able to rouse the public conscience by propaganda, so that Canada's maximum effort can be made. All these things are vitally necessary, but there is one other thing we must bear in mind. These people have been through a terrible experience, they will take a long time to settle down and it will require, even when the means of living are provided, a long period of careful work on

the part of interested people to enable them to be absorbed into the community. Don't let us repeat the mistakes of the past by crowding these people together and creating within the country racial groups who have little opportunity of being absorbed into the Canadian pattern. We as members of Toc H must understand this problem and make our maximum effort towards an adequate solution.

The 'Primary Task'

Toc H's primary task, while serving men wherever they may be in this present conflict, is to create throughout Canada little groups of men in whom the spirit of God is manifest, who are utterly responsible and who believe that by virtue of their privilege, they must put into public and social life this new spirit which can begin to rebuild the world. To think fearlessly in the light of these things is the greatest contribution we can make and it will not be easy. Many of my friends, by virtue of the terrible sufferings now taking place in Europe, are allowing their emotional reaction to over-ride their considered judgment, and while it is always easier to act by instinctive emotion, that way alone is the way of human degradation.

We have seldom faced a more difficult future and our responsibility for a successful outcome is great, but we have no need to be

despondent, since if we have the courage and enthusiasm of our convictions we cannot fail. It may be, that in the near future many of us will have to take a more active part in this war and that will throw upon those left behind a greater responsibility than ever before for maintaining not the organisation but the essential heart of Toc H, which is in these things I have tried so inadequately to describe. I believe that this tiny thing, Toc H, can help to give to Canada a new spirit and release untold energy whereby we can build up a new society. The keynote of this meeting should be joy and not grim desperation, since we are to go out to tasks which will try our manhood to the uttermost. I believe that "No might can win against this wandering, wavering grace of humble men."

IAN FRASER.

IN A FORGOTTEN FILE

Since TUBBY wrote the following note the migration he advocated so long ago has been begun and, as readers know, has now been indefinitely suspended—largely owing to the cruel disaster to children on board the liner City of Benares.

MANY are those who write free lance suggestions to Ministers of the Crown. These have to be acknowledged courteously; then silence falls; or some discreet Committee gives a quietus, if the man persists.

With sad amusement I look back upon an effort of my own in this direction. During the ominous autumn of '38, I travelled fairly frequently at Home, and met widespread reactions to the first programme of evacuation. Before I went to India, early in '39, I thought it right to report what I had learnt as a mere bystander, and ventured to submit

a safe alternative. My letter was acknowledged with despatch; the silence of Whitehall then supervened. I felt I had been put into my place and was regarded as importunate. I wonder what *did* happen to my letter. Did it obey the law of gravity and find an early and dishonoured grave in an official waste paper basket? Was it promoted to the mummy stage, filed and shelved and carefully forgotten? Did it receive a tag of buff or blue damning it with faint praise, or else dismissing it as an absurd and ignorant suggestion? Was it referred to an expert Committee whose

secretary felt it was his duty to defend his Board from clerical suggestions? Did no one look ahead? Was it not clear to any man who knew the map of Britain that multitudes of children could not be herded upon the centre of this island, away from both the coasts which must be raided if war broke out? If war had been avoided, where would have been the harm in having made conditional overtures through the Foreign Office in the direction of the U.S.A.? It almost seems as if the Whitehall mind were unaware of risk or failed to credit the hospitable feelings of the States; yet anyone who knows the New England homes or else the Middle West or California, could readily have told the Home Office that homes would be provided everywhere, had there but been a plan put into force. Within the first six months thousands of ships under the British flag, which went back empty so far at least as human freight is concerned, could each have taken back our precious children and thus relieved these overcrowded shores. A few may still be sent, but no great number. The lists are full and closed for the time being. That is the pathos of the situation.

Only one remedy remains to-day. It, too, was adumbrated as a possibility in the third paragraph of my old letter. Great ships beneath the Stars and Stripes already have solemnly transferred from tragic Europe many citizens of the U.S.A. Those great ships move upon the Western run, almost alone immune from harm or danger. They cannot be invoked now to return by a petition signed by British parents, but the U.S.A. can of itself revise the by-laws which have been created and then despatch great ships to fetch our children out of the sorrows we must undergo. It is too late for us to intercede, but it is not too late for friends to act entirely upon their own initiative. No daunt-

less work of rescue as at Dunkirk could be more noble than the prompt deliverance of these young lives, our last remaining wealth, from the experience of the coming winter and from the darkness which we must endure. To rescue children is not diplomatic. It will not plunge the States into the war. It is a work of love and piety. No other nation now can do this thing.

Here is my old letter to the Home Secretary:—

28th December, 1938.

In the September Crisis, I believe that the worst trouble, had the thing occurred, might well have been bound up with the dispersion of children to the so-called countryside.

I have moved a lot since then at home; and all reports agree that preparations for the children were terribly inadequate and unexpectedly reluctant.

If the time came, could anything be done on larger lines? Could it not be arranged that overtures to the United States should *now* be made, in order to secure relief and rescue for a large percentage of children, who could be, in a short time, transported in great numbers to the States. The Western run, no doubt, would be attacked; but long before the U.S.A. decided to come right in, their kindness would be ready to welcome and to provide for many thousands of small refugees. The parents would surely not hesitate thus to secure their children from harm, and every child North America took from us would be another bond between our peoples. Schools could be moved as units, keeping back only the senior classes, at the most.

This emigration would be far more simple than the dispersal into country towns, which really cannot hope to be immune. If some big ships upon the Western run could only be reserved and allocated to various schools, especially those situated in the South East of England, surely the U.S.A. would then agree to take the convoy over, outside the three-mile limit round Great Britain.

This would reduce our mouths and population, relieve grown-ups of their supreme distress, and leave their houses free for other purposes. The schools themselves, some with enormous playgrounds, could rapidly become new aerodromes: but above all, we should preserve the children from growing up ill-nourished and neurotic, which must be the effect of air-raids here.

P. B. C.

THE YOUNG IDEA

Response to the recent wireless appeal for T.O.C. war work, totalling about £10,000, came from some remarkable quarters. Not the least charming of the letters received is this one:—

I am sending you a Postal Order for £1 2s. 6d. This money has been raised by 4 boys of Harrow who gave a Concert Party in aid of the Troops. The boys' names are John Yeates 11 yrs. Stage Manager and Producer; Brian Modlen 12 yrs. Assistant Stage Manager and Treasurer; Peter Havard 14 yrs. and Geoffrey Modlen, Announcer, 9 yrs. Five shows were given altogether, to parents and friends of the actors.

A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT

An article in the Times Educational Supplement of July 27 dealt with "Boys and girls in lodgings: problems of transferred labour," as seen in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The problem of lodgings, says the writer, "is but part of a much larger one, that of the leisure hours of these young people, who at a critical and impressionable age are withdrawn from home influences and parental control and suddenly presented with an unprecedented amount of personal freedom." The final section of the article, headed Work of Toc H, begins: "The most interesting and promising attempt yet made to cope with the problem is an experiment launched by the local Toc H Group." We have asked a member of the Group concerned to tell us what happened, and here is his account. Other units might well follow.

IT all happened this way. We had occasion to go down to our Toc H rooms one Sunday evening last September. We were surprised at the number of young folks 'parading' round the block of buildings in which our premises were situated. At the following meeting of our group the matter was brought up, and quite casually we decided to open our rooms on Sunday evening a fortnight later. These young people were to be invited to come in to a 'sing-song' (our own song-sheets would do), and if they got tired of singing, Andy would yarn on his experiences in Africa during the last war.

We went down on Sunday, hoping that a notice put up by Eddie inviting all and sundry to come in and join in the singing would have the desired results. We waited and nothing happened. John, always to the front, went out and asked them to come in. Kathleen (Ernest's young lady, and a member of a neighbouring unit of L.W.H.) tried out her powers of persuasion. Between them they drew about 14 unwilling victims into our net. We sang, Andy yarned, and at 9 p.m. we all went home. The following Sunday we tried again. Nearly 30 came and, we believe, enjoyed themselves. It was decided to carry on each Sunday evening. The numbers grew, until there was a long queue waiting for us to open. Our rooms were crowded. There is room for about 70 all told, but over 100 seemed to be able to get in each week. We had about 50 or 60 regular attenders. We got to know them and they got to know us. They formed a 'sketch party' among themselves, rehearsing during the week. We gave a concert, raised about £8 for our Wel-

fare Fund, which they were delighted to be able to help.

They asked if they could not come every night in the week. We got some games, they scrubbed and painted other rooms in the premises. We opened the 'Social Centre' with 90 members, paying 2d. per week, most of whom were 'imported labour.' Some 300 have passed through our hands (it is a floating number that comes and works in our mills). The other week they had a dance and gave the proceeds to 'Toc H War Chest.' We have had help from a neighbouring unit of Toc H and L.W.H. have also assisted. The local Council and Rotary took interest in our venture, and realised the necessity of catering for the local youth of both sexes. Larger premises were examined, and our young people spent their Saturday afternoon in sweeping them through so as to give a favourable impression to the County authorities who, by now, knew all about their needs.

At the moment we are carrying on with greatly reduced man-power, owing to National service calls. Of course, the boys and girls have both got their own committees, and Toc H merely serve as supervisors and treasurers. The County authorities have now authorised the local Council to use certain other premises and obtain the services of a paid warden. The Social Centre will soon be transferred to these larger rooms, but Toc H is represented on all the Committees, and the members are going to see that the 'personal touch' is not lost to the boys and girls who have responded so well to an experiment which has had such results.

ARNOLD WRIGHT.

FOR GALLANTRY

Still our list of honours awarded to members of the family is very incomplete. In the Royal Navy we should record the Rev. JOHN ARMSTRONG, R.N., Chaplain to H.M. Destroyers, who was mentioned in despatches for outstanding help to his ship's company at Narvik, and Sub.-Lieut. W. G. HEWETT, R.N.V.R., of H.M.S. *Sutton* (minesweeper), awarded the D.S.C. for bravery in connection with the evacuation of the B.E.F. from Dunkirk. He is a member of Farnham Branch.

In the Royal Air Force we can record the D.F.M. awarded to Flight-Sergt. J. R. PAINE; and to Sergt. KENNETH A. SAYER, a month before, we deeply regret to say, he was reported "missing, believed killed, on August 13". Sayer served his probation in Ossett Branch and was elected a member in the R.A.F. The D.S.C. was given to Pilot-Officer R. J. HILL. The D.S.O. was awarded to Flight-Lieut. J. A. PITCAIRN-HILL, who had already won the D.F.C. With sorrow we have to add that he was reported "missing" on September 19. Here is the record of his D.S.O., won in action alongside a fellow

officer, who was awarded the D.F.C. :—

Appointed a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order—

Flight Lieutenant James Anderson PITCAIRN-HILL, D.F.C.

Awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross—Pilot Officer Hugh Vernon MATTHEWS.

One night in August, Flight Lieutenant Pitcairn-Hill led a formation of aircraft, one of which was piloted by Pilot Officer Matthews, in a low-flying attack on the Dortmund-Ems Canal. In spite of intense enemy opposition over the target area, in which all aircraft were seriously damaged and two were shot down, these officers carried out a successful attack from 150 feet precisely at zero hour. The timing of this difficult operation was dependent on the skill, judgment and personal resolution of Flight Lieutenant Pitcairn-Hill who has at all times displayed outstanding gallantry, skill and devotion to duty. Pilot Officer Matthews, by his courage, determination and skill has at all times set an excellent example.

In difficult circumstances Pitcairn-Hill got Toc H going at his R.A.F. Station in Lincolnshire. At the end of a year he wrote: "There are some grand lads running it, under God. . . . The fifty strong will become stronger." He was the kind of leader of whom we need many more in Toc H.

THE ELDER BRETHREN

On Active Service

ALLEN.—On August 26, at Gibraltar, Lt. WILLIAM HENRY JAMES ALLEN, R.A.S.C., a member of Jerusalem Branch. Elected 28.2.'38.

DAVIDSON.—In July, died of wounds, JOSEPH WILLIAM DAVIDSON, L.A.C., R.A.F., of North Shields, a member of Basra Group, Iran.

DAW.—Lost in H.M.S. *Glorious*, R. J. DAW, Leading Air Rigger.

HOBDEN.—Lost in S.S. *Arandora Star*, FRANK HOBDEN, a member of Tonbridge Branch, at sea since 1937.

JONES.—In August, died of wounds, ALBERT EDWARD JONES, R.N., late Secretary of Hereford Group.

LONGLEY.—Lost in H.M.S. *Glorious*, T. W. LONGLEY, Air Artificer, formerly a member of Halton Group.

MARSTON.—On September 18, killed by a bomb in London, JOHN MARSTON, a member of Mark II and helper at St. Stephen's

Services Club.

MICHAEL.—On May 27, died of wounds, Dunkirk Beach, CECIL MICHAEL, R.A., a member of Tooting Group.

RICE.—On May 24, killed in action in Norway, SIDNEY JAMES RICE, Sergt., a member of Okehampton Group.

SMITH.—On May 21, died in hospital in France, JOHN SMITH, Coldstream Guards, a member of Elm Park Group, Essex.

WESTMORELAND.—On July 17, in a military hospital in England, SAM WESTMORELAND, Bombardier, R.A., late of Mark XXII and Secretary of Putney Group.

Correction

TED TAYLOR, founder member of Ilkley Branch, was elected on May 11, 1933, not in February, 1940, as reported in August JOURNAL.

In Memoriam: Jim Burford

For the past seven years Jim Burford has been one of the most popular and widely known members of the Toc H staff. Born in South Wales, with one of his parents Irish, he had a truly Celtic religious feeling and a great natural gift of oratory. His talks to Toc H audiences all over the country were eagerly received, and a little collection of his writings in this JOURNAL, put into book form at the request of many, was about to be published when the war broke out.

Jim had a rich experience of life which was different from that of his fellow-members of the staff. He left school at the age of twelve and went to work in a South Wales coal mine. Like many other Welsh miners, he put a shilling or two aside out of his pay every week in order to buy books to educate himself. He told us once how he and a fellow-miner had to break into the Public Library after closing time—they had forgotten to borrow the Greek lexicon that was essential for their reading of the Greek Testament that night! For it was Friday, the night he and his friend always sat up studying till morning.

Several times before the last war Jim worked his way out to Canada or the United States, where he worked as a ganger on the railroad, etc. Always a keen footballer, at some point he played for the Arsenal. In 1911 he married in South Wales, and he leaves a widow and one daughter. In 1912 he went to Canada again, and in May 1914 came home. During the war he was employed by the Government to persuade experienced miners to stick to their job and not to enlist. He was also one of a deputation who went to see Mr. Chamberlain about the 'Cheese Strike', which was prevented. In the ten years between 1914 and 1924 he became a Trade Union official, Chairman of a district of the Miners' Federation, an Urban District Councillor, a Poor Law Overseer, and the manager of schools, both elementary and secondary. In 1922, he was nominated, against his own wish, as a Parliamentary candidate, but stood aside in favour of his friend, Ramsay Macdonald.

In 1924 he began to work for a religious

movement, the Industrial Christian Fellowship. He was sent to Leicester, where he first met Toc H, and he lived for several months in Mark XI until he could settle his family in a house of their own. About this time he was called to South Wales to talk to miners who were threatening a strike: he was able to wire to Mark XI that his meeting had been successful and that 20,000 men were going to work again. In 1926 the I.C.F. moved him to Bristol, where he worked for some seven years. He did much service there in slum clearance; he started the Church Tenements Association, which built excellent workers' flats. He started and ran the first Unemployed Centre in the city, and took a leading part in the United Council of Christian Churches. He preached in several hundred churches, Anglican and Nonconformist. In Studdert-Kennedy's bigger campaigns for the I.C.F. Jim was his right-hand man, and he also partnered the Archbishop of York in several campaigns.

In 1933 Jim was appointed Toc H Area Secretary for South Wales, where he was already a familiar figure. Later he was moved to another industrial and mining Area, the Northern, with headquarters at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. He constantly received invitations from other Areas to speak at Guest-nights and Festivals. At one point in his mining career Jim had acted for several minutes as a pit-prop, holding up a falling beam under which a pal was pinned, until the rescue party arrived. This action resulted in permanent internal injury, and we all knew that Jim was very often in pain. For some time his health had clearly grown worse, and he was moved to the less exacting Lakeland Area, where, in his house in Kendal, he died on September 20. His eloquence, his humour, his true Christian learning and his friendship make a picture of Jim Burford none of us who knew him will forget.

A few days before his passing Jim, the seer, wrote some words, in a letter to one of his many friends, which may now go out as his last message to the world-wide family of

Toc H which he loved and served so well. He wrote:—

"Toc H is different from other societies only in as far and in as much as *the men who are Toc H* see deeper, feel deeper, and dig deeper than the mere creature comforts of other men. The vision

seen, the will aroused, the burning pulsating enthusiasm of the seer must be real and passed on to (burnt into, if you like) the other men who are as fuel for the fires of God. It will kill the seer, but that is always the way; but the death of the visionary brings to the birth the men who, with good guidance, will bring his seeings to be beings."

FROM THE TOC H - B.E.L.R.A POST BAG

WAR conditions and the needs of the local forces of the Colonies and Dominions where our leprosy volunteers are at work continue to make gaps in their ranks. John Stacey in Cyprus and William Densham in Southern Rhodesia have now joined up. The more important stations, however, are still fully manned and a new recruit—Lawrence Dalton of Wakefield Branch—will fill one vacancy; he has gone in the first instance to Uzuakoli, Nigeria.

The question where duty lies is exercising our men generally. It is one which can only be answered by the heads of the leper settlements and the medical and other officers of the Governments concerned in the light of local medical and military necessities. Our post-bag reflects these questionings, but shows that, in spite of war demands, the leprosy campaign is still being vigorously and enthusiastically pursued.

From Uzuakoli, where Fred Tuck, William Walter and Frank Bye are at work, the latter writes:—

"At the moment Walter is in charge of the dispensary, with Birnbaum dividing his time between this and other medical duties until he transfers to Oji River. I am understudying Tuck for the time being until the new out-station work is ready to go ahead, when I will probably take this over. Tuck leaves here in the morning for a week's trip to one of the clinics to go into details and get things going, so I have taken over from him. There is a tremendous amount of work to do, with prospects of more, if these outlying districts get together and decide they want clinics. It is really grand to be down here with Dr. Ross and a crowd of great lads, and a definite job of work to get on with."

Norman Crayford, who is a new recruit there, and much thrilled by his colony and colleagues, adds:—

"One thing we could do with, more bandages and dressings of all kinds if you could get them through. Stores are difficult to obtain and supplies ordered from home six months ago are not here."

The Oji River Leper Settlement is also well staffed, with Len Parker, Peter Pedrick and Lawrence Birnbaum. The first-named tells an interesting story which illustrates one aspect of their work—the superstition and fear which prevail amongst the primitive natives with whom they have to deal:—

"Pedrick and I went along for the first treatment at a new clinic two weeks ago and had quite a satisfactory day. There was certainly a deputation of the village elders to tell us how much they feared the disease, and they were particularly afraid the village water supply would be contaminated. This we had expected, for it has been brought up when every clinic has started. The thing that interested us most was their fear of lepers' fires. The ashes of these, they assured us, were a very powerful source of infection. To soothe their nerves I promised to have the ceremony of disinfecting the fires at the end of each treatment day. All the usual difficulties were to be settled as at other clinics, and we parted the best of friends. The next day we heard that soon after we left about fifty local women came on the war-path. With a lot of shouting and disturbance they knocked down the walls of the buildings and cut the thatch roofs."

Albert Sowden in the Sudan, Hamish MacGregor at Itu, and Kenneth Goddard in Tanganyika, all send heartening news of the progress of their work. Bill Lambert has now moved on from Uganda to Tanganyika where his address is c/o The Director of Medical Services, Dar-es-Salaam. An extract from his last Uganda letter shows that leprosy relief work is not without non-medical outside interest:—

"I have just come from a palaver. A young man wanted to make friends with a maiden and she refused him, so he came at two in the morning and set fire to the house, destroying all the food and six bags of ground nuts, the lady escaping with a burnt cloth. The house was completely destroyed. The man is just being sent to the chief for judgment. At night you sometimes wake to the sound of shrill cries known by everyone as a sign of alarm. It may be a house on fire, a wife-beating or a wild animal, and everyone turns out with spears and sticks, etc., whatever may be handy."

TOC H PUBLICATIONS

All communications regarding publications should be sent to the Registrar, Toc H, 47, Francis Street, London, S.W.1. Postage is extra on all publications unless otherwise stated.

BOOKS

- TALES OF TALBOT HOUSE. By Tubby. 1s.
 PLAIN TALES FROM FLANDERS. By Tubby. Longmans, 3s. 6d.
 TOC H UNDER WEIGH. By P. W. Monie. New Ed., Limp Linen, 1s.; 10s. per dozen.
 BETWEEN TWO OPINIONS. By P. W. Monie. Boards, 1s.
 TOWARDS NEW LANDFALLS. By Hubert Secretan. Boards, 1s.
 THE SMOKING FURNACE AND THE BURNING LAMP. Edited by Tubby. Longmans, Paper, 2s. 6d.; Cloth, 4s.
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